

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death in 1869 of John Augustus Roebling, the designer of the Brooklyn Bridge. His son completed the work. The father also designed the Suspension Bridge over Niagara, and that at Cincinnati, which has a clear span of 1,057 feet.

When a Girl Marries

A Story of Early Wedded Life Virginia Tries to Smooth Over the Trouble Between Jim and Norreys, But With Meager Results

By Anne Lisle. CHAPTER CLIL

Copyright, 1919, King Feature Syndicate, 66 TIM and Anne are staying down-to see Terry through the long, lonely evening.

But I'm ready to start now, Tony, if you and the Rev. Dr. Plympton 'are," said Virginia smoothly. I was grateful to her for the saveir faire which enabled her to disguise the fact of Jim's unwillingness to share a ride with me as passenger in Tony's car, and in an-

other moment I was even more

grateful to Tony for the interpreta-

tion he put on Jim's attitude. "That's fine of you, lad-fine!" he said. "Terry's a mighty good friend of yours, and I'm glad to see he gets loyalty as good as he gives." "Loyalty's a queer bird," replied Jim, nonchalantly. "It sometimes gives a man things he doesn't want -jobs, for instance, that smack of charity. And the sort of charity that makes Anne and me stay and force our society on Terry whether he wants it or not. Oh, yes! Loyalty forces a lot on a man he'd

rather not take." There was no mistaking Jim's meaning, his intent to make clear to Anthony Norreys that he knew all about the plot Terry had concocted to find him work in the Norreys office when Jim had so sorely needed work. He was flinging down the gauntlet. Breathlessly I waited through the silent seconds that

ticked off before Tony replied: "Look here, Harrison, I'm mighty sorry that you got a garbled version of the situation that time you helped me out by learning accounting and coming into my place so Fred Harper could be released to fight. The little girl who told you wasn't big enough in her soul to want her man to go and fight.

Norreys Explains. "She wanted me to claim his exemption. You helped me send him off to do the right thing, and she's a better woman for it, though she doesn't know it yet. You did a fine thing, and stood the boredom of it like a soldier."

words, Norreys. But you and Terry managed to make a fool out of me,' retorted Jim curtly. "Will you come and have lunch

"That's your version of it! Big

with me to-morrow and talk this over-get it straight?" asked Tony patiently. "Can't!" muttered Jim. Busy." Tony studied him for a moment.

He made no further attempt to make friends on his own score, but as he turned to go he ventured a good word for Terry. "Maybe it was a blunder, Harri-

son. Again, I say I'm sorry. But I'm glad of one thing. You don't misunderstand Terry's part it in it -his friendship and loyalty. Have you said good-by to Miss Moss and the Matron, Vee?"

"Yes," said Virginia, who had been clinging closer and closer to my arm as we two stood witnessing the clash between Jim and Tony. Now she loosed my arm and went over to Jim. She selzed both his hands in hers and drew them together, crushing her palms tight about them. Then she turned and

Bathing For Children

By Brice Belden, M. D.

THE experience of the race has proven that dirt, like famine, is the cause of many diseases. The skin is the port of entry of many maladies. It was noted in 1908 that, among the men frequenting the night shelters at St. Petersburg a certain type of fever was prevalent. About 14 per cent of the men selling old clothes died of this fever in one year. The men were ordered to bathe, and the clothing and shelters were carefully disinfected, with the result that the complaint promptly disappeared. If children are properly washed and fed their resistance to the in-

vasion of disease is so greatly increased that they are practically immune to many infections. In ideal conditions of housing, children obtain a dally cleansing

bath at home. The school bath has been introduced in many places because the home bath is so frequently impracticable. The rain-bath or cleansing shower

is preferable to the swimming pool or tub bath, on sanitary grounds chiefly, but it is also more invigorating. It is especially suitable for delicate children. It is simple in construction and economical of

It is obvious that in the case of the tub bath the water becomes unelean in the course of the bath, so that a shower is needed in any Swimming baths, unless carefully graded in temperature. are unsuitable for delicate children; they may also fatigue unduly. The temperature of a properly constructed cleansing douche can be nicely regulated, if the hot water supply is what it should be.

The routine use of douche baths has a splendid effect upon the physical and mental condition of children. For a healthy child-life, whether normal or subnormal, bath ing is an essential part of the pro-

For the normal child the requirements of bathing are twofolw. (1) Cleanliness, and (2) that the skin should be kept active and respongive by tonic applications of cold. The subnormal child generally fiers from languid circulation fective reactions and deficiency of oddily heat. For him a healthy akin is a prime necessity. Such children require a method of bathing in which brief warmth is followed by cold in proper proportion md degree, in order to arouse dormant reactions and increase nervous onergy and tissue change. A child's tigor can be gradually increased sh astonishing degree merely dicious bathing.

smiled at me for a second-wistfully. It came to me. even as she turned back to Jim, that Virginia was struggling to find courage. "Jimmie," she said, "you've stood by me through thick and thin,

whether I was right or wrong. No girl ever had a better brother. I-wanted to stand by you. That whole thing of getting you into Tony's office was my idea. It was my idea, Jim!" Jim in a Fury.

Jim pushed her away roughly. Then I got some notion of how much courage it had taken for Virginia to speak as she had. She needed Jim, he was her best friend, She knew, better than any one else, his arrogant temper, his capacity for bittreness. And she was invoking them for the sake of putting Terry and . Tony-and me-

right with Jim. "And now that everyone has bearded the Terrible Tyrant in his den, don't you think you'd better be starting along for the Big City?" asked Jim coldly, loosing his hand "Your minister from Virginia's. friend looks as if he'd said goodby very thoroughly to Miss Moss." "Jim-is that all you have to say to me?" asked Virginia in a low voice, as Anthony Norreys, with a brief handshake for me and a nod

to Jim, turned to call the Rev. Dr.

"I have a good-by to say to you," answered Jim lightly. But Virginia and I both realized that there was a seething volcano under the calm surface of his words. And the good-by kiss she gave me bespoke understandingeven if it was understanding of an unhappy sort. "Jim!" I gasped, after they had

gone, "you've hurt Virginia!" I half expected him to turn on me in a rage, but instead it was a drawn, tired face he showed me as he replied:

"Yes-I've hurt Jeanie. By Heck, Anne, it's that Norreys! Everything he touches turns poison. I won't have him touch you. I won't have it. I tell you! I forbid-For a moment my throat contracted so I couldn't speak. winced and shrank away as if from whip-lash. Then in a sort of icy

calm. I found my voice again.

this out here and now. I'm not a child-"Hello, nice pals!" cried Terry's roice from the doorway. "Miss Moss and the Doctor just came to turn me out. And she whispered that you two had waited to help me through the evening. The evening-away from Betty. Friends like this-Jove, it makes life worth

"Jim," I cried, "we must have

To Bannish **Fatigue**

By Brice Belden, M. D.

JOU tire easily; you have no "pick-up," as the automobilists say; your sleep does not seem to rejuvenate you; you find it a great effort to concentrate your mind upon things; you postpone until, tomorrow what you would do today if you were in good condition; a long walk seems quite out of the question.

There is an energy leak somewhere. Perhaps we can find it. A the principal causes of energy of elimination narrow the diagnosis down to the probable cause.

One very common dissipator of energy is weak feet. In most cases there are signs other than fatiguesigns which point more or less directly to the feet and lungs, but in some cases the foot strain is transmitted in such a way as to produce merely general fatigue, and nothing but a test of the integrity of the feet will decide the question. Correction of the defect, if it be found, and if it be the cause of the energy leak, will banish fatigue.

Worry, eye-strain, monotonus work, overwork under uncongenial conditions, the abuse of alcohol, tea and coffee, poisoning due to tobacco, intestinal autointoxication resulting from a diet too rich in proteins (meat, eggs), late hours and malnutrition due to dental defects are some other frequent causes of

Working or sleeping in poorly ventilated rooms is a very common fatigue factor. When you breathe and rebreathe a vitiated atmosphere you are not only being poisoned by the products of respiration, but you are being deprived of life-giving

Too frequent or too prolonged bathing, and particularly the hot bath habit, will often occasion fatigue which may seem unaccountable to the victim.

Practically all of the causes of energy leaks which have been considered can be corrected, either by the tired one himself or herself, or

by the physician Don't muddle along in your tired state; don't get morbid about it; but do a little thinking of the right sort, and, if necessary, secure medi-

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. What Is His Motive?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am eighteen. Several months ago my brother introduced me to his chum, whom I have since learned to love. He whom I have since learned to love. He has taken me out many times, and has been very attentive to me. Recently I have been told that he loves another girl and that he is only going with me to make her J-alous. Now, Miss Fairfax, I would not worry so much, but I like him very much, and more than one person has told me this. Moreover, they are people whose word cannot be doubted.

MIRIAM. cannot be doubted.

If this is true, perhaps the same fate may overtake the young man that has overtaken many others, he may start out to do this rather ignoble thing and wind up by falling in love with you. he wil not ing in love with you. He will not do this, however, if you lose your head and show him plainly how certainty is a good thing in a love

Father Knew.

As a present to his wife Mr. Thorly decided on a photograph of himself and their only son, Algernon, aged twenty-four. Father paid, of course. At the photographer's Algy was seated stiffly in a chair, his father standing behind him. "I think," said the photographer, "it would look more natural if you put your hand on your son's shoulder." "On the contrary," said Mr. Thorly; "to be really natural, Algy should have his hand in my

A Confidential Communication.

"I promised Matilda not to mention this to any one, because she got it in strictest confidence from some one who was pledged to absolute secrecy, so before I tell you you must give me your word of honor you won't even breathe a hint of it!"

Puss in Boots

By David Cory.

The Parliament soldiers are gone to the Some they did laugh, some they did cry, To see the Parliament soldiers pass by Hey ding-a-ding, and ho ding-a-ding? The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King; Some with new beavers, some with new The Parliament soldiers are all to be

THIS was terrible news to Puss Junior, for he had accepted the Queen's invitation to be Court Page. He was fond of the soldiers, and of course he didn't want them hanged

There was one soldier in particuar of whom he was most fondthe one who had gone to war with the woollen comforter his mother had made for him. He had kept a cooky stand for some time after thewar was over, but now was once more in service.

"I will go to the Queen," said Puss Junior to himself. "She will see that the soldiers are not hanged." And away he went and soon the Queen was giving orders that the soldiers should be spared, for the King was afraid of his wife when she made up her mind to do a thing, and he felt it wiser to let her have her way than to lose his crown; for he had read of many a king who had lost his throne on account of a woman.

Well, after this, the King did everything in his power to make Puss uncomfortable. And as Puss Junior was not the kind of cat to stand anything like this, he bid the Queen a fond adieu and once more set out upon his journey of adven-

"Heigh-ho!" he whistled. "Here am once more traveling on! I wonder what next is coming." By this time he had reached the river front where the vessels lay at the docks and the sailors hurried to and fro loading them with their car-

But, oh! wasn't he delighted to see the Owl in his "Beautiful Pea Green Boat." "Helloa!" cried Puss. The Giant isn't after me this time, but I would like to take a voyage with you just the same."

"Get aboard!" cried the Owl, and he cast off the line and hoisted the sail. And by and by they came to an island with a great wall of stone around it and a queer looking house in the middle. And such a queer looking little man sat on the wall that Puss Junior began to laugh and sing:

"Rey-diddle-diddle,

Our little green boat, Ehe is the neatest ship affoat, The Owl and the Pussy Cat are her As they sail away on the ocean blue!" And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that. (Copyright, 1919, David Cory.)

(To Be Continued.)

Schoolroom Blunders.

A school teacher sends the following "howlers" to the Spectator. They are taken from the class

Question-"What is a cuckoo?" Answer-"A bird that does not lay it own eggs. Question-"Name six animals peculiar to the polar regions." Answer-"Three bears and three

"The Pope lives in a vacuum." 'Magna Carta said that Common Pleas should not be carried about on the King's person.' "The Sublime Porte is a very fine

"Reubens is a town in Belgium famous for paint." "Explain how it is that a ship can sail against the wind." "Action and reaction are equal and opposite. Therefore if the wind blows one way the ship will sail the otherm." A boy translated Cave, canem, "Beware! I may sing."

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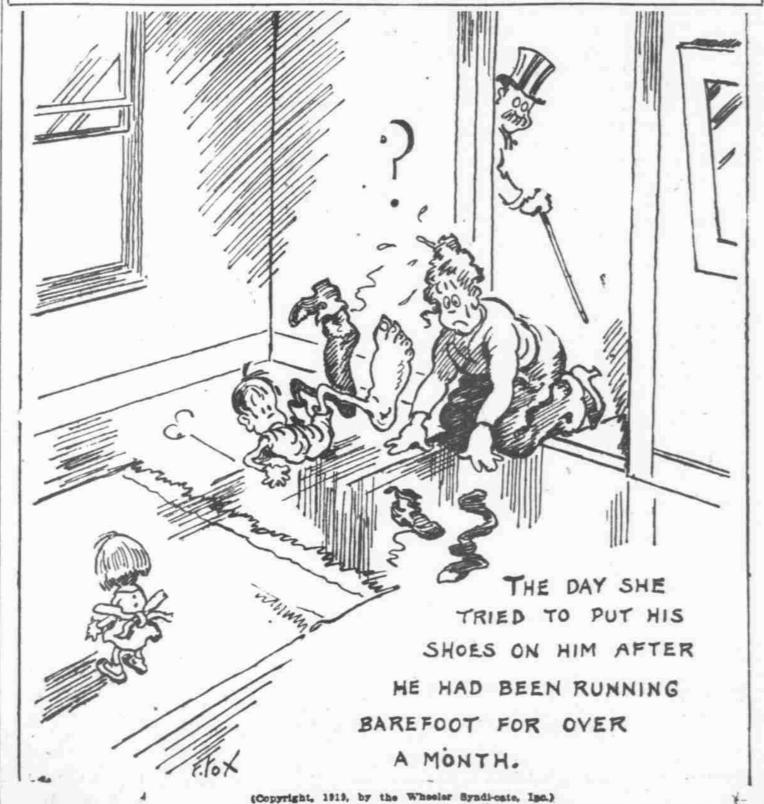
"Piffie's A B C Book of Funny Animals." Here's a book that serves the dual purpose of amusing the young child with its quaint humor and assisting him in his first efforts in reading. It is beautifully and profusely illustrated in colors, printed from large, clear type on fine paper, and daintily, yet durably, bound. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, publishers.

Inexpensive, but Smart Withal

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HOW JIMMY'S FEET APPEARED TO HIS MOTHER By FONTAINE FOX



HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Henry Witnesses Imposing Spectacle As Lost Souls Appear in Valley That Bears Their Names

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buccaneer, decides to pass up activities of city life for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Thomas Regan, stock operator, comes Alvarez Torres, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of tresaure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Young Morgan salis for South America in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters a strange young woman who appears to mistake him for some one cise. He is fired upon by three patives and seeks safety aboard his vessel, the Angelique.

Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious islander, are both descendants of Pirate Morgan.

Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is savet from death on gallows and Henry is arrested in his piace. Leoneia finds her fancy has strayed from Henry to Francis. The two plot to save foury.

Francis, Geonica and Henry clude their enemies and go aboard Francis vessel. The Angelique is pursued down the coast. Francis and his party decide to go ashore to clude their pursuers. They came upon treasure. Francis and his friends again find themselves pursued and former battles with foes to enable others to escape.

All nuembers > the party are captured. Henry and Jeffe descend into pit to play a strange game. Francis finds custodian of pirate treasure. They fall into a trap.

Old Priest's Chant fails to bring key (Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

fall into a trap.
Old Priest's Chapt fails to bring key to fortune from Chia's ear. Francis decides on exploration of pit. decides on exploration of pit. One of party falls to death. Henry goes for help.

"I should know, senor," Torres replied. "There is the narrative of Mendoza, in which he reported that Da Vasco and his party were left there to perish miserably. This I do know, they were never seen again "Looks as though plenty of food could be grown in a place like

off at sight of Leoncia picking berries from a bush. "Here! Stop that, Leoneia! We've got enough troubles without having a very charming but very much poisoned "They're all right," she said, calmly eating. "You can see where the birds have been pecking and

this-" Henry began, but broke

"In which case I appologize and join you," Francis cried, filling his mouth with the luscious fruit. "And if I could catch the birds that did the pecking I'd eat them, too." By the time they had eased the sharpest of their hunger-pangs the

sun was so low that Torres removed the helmet of Da Vasco. "We might as well stop here for the night," he said. "I left my shoes in the cave with the mummies and lost Da Vasco's old boots during the swimming. My feet are cut to ribbons; and there's plenty of seasoned grass here out of which

I can plait a pair of sandals." While occupied with this task, Francis built a fire and gathered a supply of wood, for, despite the low latitude, the high altitude made fire a necessity for a night's lodging. Ere he had completed the supply Leoncia, curled upon her side, her head in the hollow of her arm, was sound asleep. Against the side of her, away from the fire, Francis thoughtfully packed a mound of dry leaves and dry forest mould.

CHAPTER XVII.

Daybreak in the Valley of the Lost Souls, and the Long House in the village of the Tribe of the Lost Souls. Fully eighty feet in length was the Long House, with half as much in width, built of adobe bricks, and rising thirty feet to a

gable roof thatched with straw. Out of the house feebly walked the Priest of the Sun-an old man, tottering on his legs, sandal footed, clad in a long robe of rude homespun cloth, in whose withered Indian face were haunting reminiscences of the racial lineaments of the ancient conquistadores. On his head was a curious cap of gold, arched over by a semi-circle of polished golden spikes. The effect was obvious, namely, the rising sun and the rays of the rising sun.

He tottered across the open space to where a great hollow log swung suspended between two posts carved with totemic and heraldic devices. He glanced at the eastern horizon, already red with the dawning, to reassure himself that he was on time, lifted a stick, the end of which was fiber-woven, into a ball and struck the hollow log. Feeble as he was, and light as was the blow, the hollow log boomed and reverberated like distant thunder.

Almost immediately, while he continued slowly to beat, from the grass-thatched dwellings that formed the square about the Long House, emerged the Lost Souls. Men and women, old and young, and children and babes in arms, they all came out and converged upon the Sun Priest. No more archaic spectacle could be witnessed in the twentieth century world. Indians, indubitably they were, yet in many of their faces were the racial reminiscences of the Spaniard.

"Some faces, to all appearance, were all Spanish. Others, by the same toxen, were all Indian. But betwixt and between, the majority of them betrayed the inbred blood of both races. But more bizarre was their costumes-unremarkable in the women, who were garbed in long, discreet robes of homespun cloth, but most remarkable in the men, whose homespun was grotesquely fashioned after the style of Spanish dress that obtained in pain at the time of Columbus' first

Homely and sad-looking were the men and women-as of a breed too closely interbred to retain joy of life. This was true of the youths and maidens, of the children and of the very babes against breaststrue, with the exception of two, one a child-girl of ten, in whose face were fire and spirit and intelligence. Among the sodden faces of the sodden and stupid Lost Souls, her face stood out like a flaming flower. Only like hers was the face of the old Sun Priest, cunning, crafty, intelligent

While the priest continued to beat the resounding, loc, the entire tribe formed about him in a semicircle, facing the east. As the sun showed the edge of its upper rim the priest greeted it and hailed it with quaint and medieval Spanish, himself making low obeisance thrice repeated, while the tribe prostrated itself. And, when the full moon shone clear of the horizon, all the tribe, under the direction of the priest, arose and ut-

tered a joyful chant. Just as he had dismissed his people a thin pillar of smoke, rising in the quiet air across the valley, caught the priest's eye. He pointed it out, and commanded several of the young men.

"It rises in the Forbidden Place of Fear where no member of the tribe may wander. It is some devil of a pursuer sent out by our enemies who have vainly sought our hiding-place through the centuries. He must not escape to make report, for our enemies are powerful, and we shall be destroyed. Go. Kill him that we may not be killed." About the fire, which had been

replenished at intervals throughout the night, Leoncia, Francis and Torres lay asleep, the latter with his new-made sandals on his feet and with the helmet of De Vasco pulled tightly down on his head to keep off the dew. Leoncia was the first to awaken,

and so curious was the scene that confronted her that she watched quietly through her down-drooped lashes. Three of the strange Lost Tribe men, bows still stretched and arrows drawn in what was evident to her as the interrupted act of able privily to nudge Francis' were staring with amazement at the face of the unconscious Torres.

They looked at each otther in doubt, let their bows straighten, and shook their heads in patent advertisement that they were not going to kill. Closer they crept upon Torres, squatting on their hams the better to scrutinize his face and the helmet, which lattter seemed to arouse their keenest in-

She Awakens Francis. From where she lay Leoncia was able privily to nudge Frincis' shoulder with her foot. He awoke quietly and quickly sat up, attracting the attention of the strangers. Immediately they made the universal peace sign, laying down, their bows and extending their palms outward in token of being weapon-

"Good morning," Francis addressed them in English, which made them shake their heads, while it aroused Torres.

"They must be Lost Souls," Leoncla whispered to Francis. "Or real estate agents," he smiled back. "At least the valley is inhabited Torres, who are your friends? From the way they regard you one would think they were relatives of yours." Quite ignoring them, the three Lost Souls drew apart a slight dis-

tance and debated in low, sibilant "Sounds like a queer sort of Spanish," Francis observed. "It's medieval, to say the least,"

Leoncia confirmed "It's the Spanish of the conquistadores pretty badly gone to seed," Torres contributed, "You see I was right. The Lost Souls never get

"At any rate they must give and be given in marriage." Francis quipped. "else how explain the three young huskies?" But by this time the three huskies, having reached agreement, were

beckoning them with encouraging gestures to follow across the valley. They're good-natured and friendly, to say the least despite their sorrowful faces," said Francis, as they prepared to follow. "But did you ever see a sadder aggregation in your life? They must have been born in the dark of the moon, or had all their sweet gazelles die, er something or other worse." "It's just the kind of faces one

would expect of lost souls," Leoncia "And if we never get out of here, suppose we'll get to looking a whole lot sadder than they do," he came back. "Anyway, I hope they're leading us to breakfast. Those berries were better than nothing,

but that is not saying much." An hour or more afterward, still obediently following their guides, they emerged upon the clearings, the dwelling places, and the Long House of the tribe.

"These are descendants of Da Vasco's party and the Caribs," Torres affirmed, as he glanced over the assembled faces. "That is incontrovertible on the face of it." "And they've relapsed from the

Christian religion of Da Vasco to old heathen worship," added Francis. "Look at that altar-there, It's a stone altar, and, from the smell of it, that is no breakfast, but a sacrifice that is cooking, in spite of the fact that it smells like mutton." "Thank heaven, it's only a lamb," Leoncia breathed. "The old Sus Worship included human sacrifice And this is Sun Worship. See that old man there in the long shroud with the golden-rayed cap of gold. He's a sun priest, Uncle Alfaro has told me all about the sun

Behind and above the altar was a great metal image of the sun. "Gold, all gold." Francis whispered, "and without alloy, Look at these spikes, the size of them, yet so pure is the metal that I wager & child could bend them any way and

worshippers."

even the knots in them." (TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW